

For the Children

CLARENCE'S BUSY DAY.

From the morning until bed time
 With childhood's adventures rife,
 This has been one day of many
 We have led the strenuous life;
 But that is the small boy's business
 Just to make vacation hum,
 And it means there's fun a-brewing
 When he whistles for his chum.

"Auntie, may I have the hammer
 And a few ten-penny nails?"
 The request was barely granted
 Ere we heard distressing wails;
 Get the turpentine and linen
 For the laddie's cracked his thumb,—
 Bathe the wound till it feels better,
 Hug and kiss and love him some.

"Auntie, now we need some boxes
 For we're fixin' up a store,"—
 Yes, you'll find some in the wood-shed,
 In the cellar there are more;
 By the time the store is finished
 Busy little builders tire,
 And they start with bell and bucket
 An exciting game of "fire."

Next he comes, with brown eyes shining,
 Holding fast a struggling thing—
 "Auntie, help me tie my June-bug,
 All we need's a piece of string"
 Boy and bug then race off wildly,—
 June-bug sacrificed to joy,
 Though it was a luckless insect
 Where's a happier little boy?

"O, my bug has buzzed his leg off!
 Auntie, now I'll have to stop,"
 Just a minute he is quiet
 Then begins to spin his top;
 Marbles too are interesting
 Till we hear another call,
 And the "team" begins to gather
 Getting ready to play ball.

Get the ball! Put up the marbles,
 Bat and mask and mit now please,—
 There's no other game so splendid
 For vacation days like these;
 And I say the little laddie
 Can not have too much of play,—
 Summer time won't last forever—
 Even youth must pass away.

—Margaret Scott Hall.

Kirkwood, Ga.

HELPING HIS MOTHER.

"I don't like to bring in chips all the time," grumbled little Johnny to himself.

"All right, John," said his mother, who had overheard him, "you needn't bring in any more chips until you are willing to."

"Really, mamma?" cried little John.

"Yes," answered his mother; "for I don't like to have boys about that grumble and hate to work."

The little boy ran off to play, delighted to think that he could do just as he pleased. To be sure his mother had only asked him to bring in chips twice that morning; still it took time, and he was building a barn for his hobby-horse on the lawn; now, if no one bothered him, he would get it done that afternoon.

The barn was finished long before supper time, for no one bothered little John that day. His mother picked up the chips herself, and did not even call him to run errands.

But when the barn was finished, little John was tired of it, and ran into the house, and asked his mother to tell him a story.

"I can't tell you a story," answered his mother, "for I am busy. Run away now, and play."

But John was tired of playing, so he wandered out into the kitchen, and there he smelled the Saturday's baking.

He ran and looked on a low shelf in the pantry where his mother always put a little pie for him, but the shelf was bare.

"Mamma," cried John, bursting into the sitting room where his mother sat sewing, "where's my little pie?"

"What pie?" questioned his mother, who seemed surprised.

"Why, you always make me a little pie or turnover when you bake; that's the one I mean."

"I used to," said his mother, "but I was too busy this morning to bother with little pies."

John went soberly outdoors, and sat down in the shade of his new barn to think. If he had helped his mother, wouldn't she have had time to tell the story, and if he had brought the chips when she was baking, wouldn't she have found time to make him a little pie?

"I ought to help my mother whether she bakes me pies or not," said little John, solemnly to himself. "It doesn't take but a minute or two to pick up a pan of chips; and it's fun to run errands."

"Mamma," he said, half an hour later, "I've brought in a boxful of wood and two pans of chips. I like to bring in chips, 'cause it helps you. And I like to run on errands. I'm willing to help after this, whether you bake little pies for me or not."

"All right," laughed his mother, who saw that John had learned his lesson; "the next time I bake maybe there'll be a little pie for you."—Epworth-Herald.

HELEN.

By Demarest Glentworth Rubins.

"Oh, dear!" grumbled Helen, "it's such a bother to have to dress one's self," and the dimples hid themselves as a naughty frown chased all the smiles away.

"Why, daughter," said mother, smilingly, "we all have to learn to wait on ourselves," but Helen kept on scolding. Everything was wrong; her dress wasn't the one she wanted; she didn't like her hair ribbon; her shoes wouldn't lace up right, and she didn't see a bit of use in opening her window when she was ready to leave the room. She brought such a clouded face to the table that even her breakfast didn't suit.

"It's such a bother to have to wash these dishes all by myself," she wailed when mother said she would have time to clear the table and wash up everything before school time. And she moved around so slowly that she was not half through when it was time to start to school, and away she hurried, leaving the rest for mother to do.